

Such, then, is the question—whether the cause of America, a synonymous with the question whether the people can make headway against the pulp and the politician arrayed together to crowd down the advancing principles of the nineteenth century, for the profits of the class. Power is always stealing from the many to the few. It is stealing into the hands of wealth. The shawl of Boston dictated the course of the city of New York. The shawl of New York dictated the shawl of Boston in that case. What is needed, if the country should throw off the thralldom of city rule and dictation. It remains to be seen whether the present seeming interest in this enterprise is sincere and enduring enough to rouse the country from its apathy and indolence, and lead it to exert its acknowledged superiority. Then only will anti-slavery be called to triumph in this country.

Our cause is broader than at first. It has come to be a simple question. Mr. Webster, with an innocence which the history of this country cannot parallel, standing upon the steps of a hotel, tells his

...the history of the ...

' Among th' assemblies of the great,
A greater Ruler takes his seat ;
The God of heaven as Judge surveys
These ' gods of earth and all their ways :—
' Why will you feign yourselves to know
Of things which you apprehend not ?
Or why suppose th' unrighteous cause ?
When will you once defend the poor,
That suffers yet the saints no more ?
They know not, Lord, nor will they know,
Dark are the ways in which they go ;
Their name of ' earthly gods ' is vain,
For they shall fall and die like men.'

low citizens that this agitation must stop! Upon what must this our Caesar feed? This agitation grows so great! (Great cheering.) This agitation grows so great! Not while God creates nations! (Tremendous cheering.) That is all the comfort Massachusetts can get when they venture to whisper about the laws of Massachusetts, and look with clouded brows at chains round the Court House, and dream that every man ought to find refuge and protection on the spot where Hancock and Adams have trod.

Stop that noise!—as endeth the first lesson. And then the preacher goes down to Virginia, and considers Southern agitation. Does he say that must stop? No. Southern disunionists are learned and eloquent;—indeed! animated and full of spirit;—high-minded and chivalrous;—no "rub-a-dub-dub" there! I am not disposed to reproach those gentlemen, or to speak of them with disrespect; though he candidly confesses that these "learned" and "to be respected" men have not a shadow of ground for their complaints! But then, recollect, they were both South and own slaves!—consequence evidence, both these facts, of their right to complain without cause, disturb the Union, and break it up, if they please, and still be the "respected" of Mr. Webster; while as far North as unhappy Faneuil Hall, no man may peep or mutter—not even when his chosen Senators cheat him before his face. Stop that agitation! You are neither learned nor eloquent, high-minded nor chivalrous, and I'll speak as I please of you; for were you not born as far North as myself? And judging others by myself, it's your reason to be spanked and dough-faced.

And we deserve it. Ay, the bone that is thrown at us is good enough, unless we vindicate our right to speak, by speaking so loudly that even the deafest ear can hear. Let us teach these politicians that we know well enough what they mean when they would hold up to us the value of the Union in protecting iron, and cotton, and the decks of fishing vessels; remind them that we share the love of property with the late creation; with the bee that fashions its tiny warhouse, and the beaver that builds dams across the stream; but that we possess also a higher attribute, the gift of thought and speech, and mean to value them accordingly, as the distinguishing characteristics of our superiority, and allaying us to God.

This is the true spirit of the Constitution. Mr. Webster said in Virginia that he trod in the steps and spoke in the spirit of Samuel Adams, and Chancellor Wythe, and Luther Martin, and Elbridge Gerry, and Hamilton and Jefferson, and that noble band of freedom of the Revolution. He never told a bigger lie, even when he said slavery could not exist in Mexico; and that is saying a great deal! Chancellor Wythe was possessed for his anti-slavery sentiments, in the very centre of Virginia. Does Daniel Ross risk this? Sam Adams, on going home one day, found a colored man sitting at his fireside, and on asking his wife what she was told that she was a slave that a friend had presented her. "No woman," said the old patriot, "no woman crosses my threshold who does not bring her liberty with her." (Long-continued cheering.) "Speak in the spirit of Sam Adams!" He is not worthy to unloose the latchet of his shoe! (Applause.) Compare Samuel Adams, the incorruptible Gato of 1776, to the Whirling Dervish of 1851! the man who always forgot himself, and therefore became immortal—to one who never forgets himself, and hence the ages will forget him;—as well liken an English bulldog to a lady's fan.

These men did not worship the Constitution as an end; they looked upon it as a means. They no more mistook it for liberty than you mistake the railroad which brought us here to-day for the city we sought. They thought of it only as a mode for the attainment of an end, and trusted that their children, if it did not were that end, would, in the spirit of its founders, beat it down and build better.

Why, it is known that Washington was met walking on the banks of the Susquehanna, when the Convention on the Constitution was in session, and asked upon what he was reflecting. "I am thinking," said he, "that perhaps it would be better to adjourn without offering such a Constitution to the States, than to offer such an one as we have drawn up." (He referred to the compromise.) Luther Martin went home to Maryland, and protested against the slave clause. Franklin gave his vote with averted face. Elbridge Gerry has left on record, in writing, his protest against it. Sam Adams doubted the Constitution, which in Massachusetts owes its adoption to the ebriety of Hancock. The Constitution was saved in Massachusetts by the skin of its teeth. Judge Harrington, of Vermont, one of the earliest Judges under the Constitution, asked the first slaveholder who went to him for his property, for his bill of sale. The slaveholder asked how it should be signed. "Signed," said he, "I signed at all, by the Almighty. If you claim a man as your property, He alone is competent to give a bill of sale." This is the spirit of the Revolution.

The Senate spoke of March in the spirit of Washington! These demagogue appeals to the lowest interests and passions against the noble impulses, in the spirit of Washington! These sneers at Massachusetts as a slave State, in the spirit of Washington! The claim is a lie, which every American sharing in the common inheritance of Washington's fame is called on to denounce. (Cheers.) There is in existence a letter from George Washington to Gov. Langdon, of New Hampshire, asking him to exert himself to return to Washington a slave woman who had fled from Mr. Verno, who died recently in Stafford, N. H. "But," the letter says, "let no attempt be made if it would excite public indignation." Where, then, the advice to "conquer prejudices"? Washington did not attempt to lay even his finger on what he thought by property, if it would grade harshly on the feelings of New England;—and this recent son of New Hampshire, volunteering to hunt slaves for others, not ordering us, with cool effrontery, to smother these very feelings which Washington respected, proclaims, "I speak in the spirit of Washington!" He robs each one of us of the rightful pride we own in this honorable defence of Washington to principles which he knew to be just and sound, but had not strength to slay.

No! it is an insult to the old fathers to say that they ever contemplated such a descent as from themselves to Webster—(loud cheers.)—that they framed institutions designed to form such men. No man who does not read our history upside down can believe it. They erred, erred broadly erred lamentably, erred egregiously, but it was, in many of them, history will allow us to believe, an error; they did not mean to perpetrate slavery. There is another thing they did not mean to produce—dough-faces over the Northern States. Never did they mean to create such a state of public sentiment as we are about at the present moment. But whatever they meant, this remains true—the true traitor to the Constitution is he who upholds the Fugitive Slave Law. The worst foe to the Union is he who proves such a law necessary for its preservation. As well at gunpowder under the Capitol as wickedness into the statute book. The man who would do his whole duty either to his country, his religion, or his ancestry, is bound to devote himself, heart and soul, to get rid of this great blot that taints upon our national escutcheon. We owe it to the purity of our common religion, to prove that Christianity does not sanction slavery. We owe it to our fathers, and their great pride, our institutions, to prove that fathers and fathers of men capable and ready for the great work God lays upon us—doing justice and making atonement to the colored race in our midst. (Cheers.)

We have several communications on file, approved for publication. These shall be given as soon as space can be found for them.

FIRST OF AUGUST IN NEW BEDFORD.

The enterprising colored citizens of liberty-loving New Bedford early sounded the busy note of preparation this year for a general observance of British West India Emancipation. Invitations had been extended to various localities in and out of the old Bay State; and the numerous delegations attested the interest such an occasion had inspired.

Boston and Providence were the most largely represented; and as at the several stopping places fresh accessions were made, spectators could not but perceive the significant fact, that those Americans identified by complexion with the freed men and women in the British isles were commencing the glorious example to those who yet withhold the boon of liberty from millions in this, "their own, their native land."

An immense concourse was in waiting at City Hall during the formation of the procession. Escort was furnished by a colored military company of cadets from New York. After the baroque containing the orators and chaplain followed several societies.—The Union Club—a body of citizens—a fraternity of seamen—the Good Samaritan Lodge, with branches of Masonic and other bodies from sister cities. An association of boys, under their banner—Sons of Freedom—attracted marked notice, as did also the car filled with the smiling and happy faces of school children. This car was appropriately decorated with evergreens and flowers; and altogether, the wayside accessions of the juvenile department awakened a reciprocal feeling among the schoolmates, who at various points along the route, arranged themselves on the sidewalks to greet them as they passed. This, in a community like New Bedford—all honor to her!—is but a legitimate result of her system of school teaching, where no child is colonized from public teaching because of a complexion unlike the majority; for in this instance, let it be remembered, the tokens of recognition and greeting were mutual; in fact, typical of that coming day, even in Boston, the "Athens of America," when justice and not proscription shall control the action of School Committees.

To this one fact, isolated and insignificant as it may seem to a superficial observer, is to be largely attributed the respectful attention of the entire citizens of New Bedford relative to the procession and the day's observance—the most sensitive colored person meeting with no chilling pro-slavery look, word or deed, which here, though the exception, is, as all know, but a general rule of treatment from white to colored Americans.

The potency of example in deepening this principle of equality has been illustrated at New Bedford by blended word and deed—by Charles Sumner and Ralph Waldo Emerson, both of whom refused to lecture before that Lyceum which proscribed the colored citizen; and thus a train of influences was generated which now compose, we fondly trust, an insurmountable barrier to any manifestations of colorphobia.

The procession, during the march through the principal streets, was enlivened by the alternate music of the New York Brass and Howard and Clary's Boston Bands. On reaching the grove of Hon. John A. Parker, the procession, with its banners, regalia, etc., disposed gracefully around the platform, halted, and the meeting was called to order by Henry O. Remington, Chief Marshal. The arrangements for order were noticeably preserved, in the promotion of which the Chief Marshal was ably seconded by Henry Johnson, George Marshall, Augustus W. Monroe, Mr. Wood, and others.

The Throne of Grace was addressed by Rev. Mr. James, after which Rev. Leonard Collins was introduced, who presented an historical account of the day we had assembled to commemorate. His address was well received and well delivered.

Charles Lenox Remond briefly addressed the audience on the hopeful signs of the times, as suggested by what his eyes had seen and ears heard during the day; and of the results such an occasion as the present was calculated to hasten.

The weather was now too unfavorable for further speaking, and the friends were invited to repair to the tables, where, while refreshing the physical man, their mental appetites might be excited for the evening's feast of reason and flow of soul.

The procession having re-formed, marched again, and was then dismissed.

The interval between this and evening was devoted to social calls; a happy and profitable medium of keeping bright these festive festivals of freedom.

In the evening, City Hall was crowded by the citizens generally, who gave close attention and hearty applause to the several speakers. Charles Lenox Remond occupied the principal portion of the time by an eloquent speech, alluding to the prominent reasons why a day like the present had its significance with an American audience, and the propriety of annually stamping its impress upon the community. He regarded it as an occasion when the phases of American anti-slavery and pro-slavery character could be appropriately considered. This paved the way for a scathing rebuke of the stupendous scheme of colonization, as projected and matured by that ever-active enemy of the colored American, Henry Clay. He detailed recent plans, by which some colored men, of whom better things were expected, had been beguiled by this Delilah, and would, he feared, have to regret their adhesion to such an institution, while it opposed a man's elevation on the soil of his birth, proffered unnumbered favors on the pestilential shores of Liberia.

He concluded by an earnest exhortation for the colored man to stand firm in his own integrity, presenting an unyielding front to Pro-Slavery and its handmaid, Colonization; and ere long their rights, so long withheld, would be acknowledged, and they and the bondman join hands in a jubilee of freedom.

Robert Morris, Esq., of Boston, gratified the meeting by a narration of the emotions excited in him by the scenes and associations of this auspicious day. He alluded to the prosperous condition of the colored citizens of New Bedford, promoted, as he was glad to believe, by a favorable public local sentiment, which he hoped would soon extend itself throughout the entire Bay State and New England. He took a bird's-eye view of the Shadrach case, and its influences, immediate and future, upon the fugitive slave question, and concluded by a warm appeal to the friends of freedom.

He was followed by Wm. C. Neil, Rev. Mr. Crawford, and Wm. T. Watkins, each of whom contributed their mite to the interest of the occasion.

The meeting adjourned amid huzzas for Liberty, and the friends separated, again to gather as inclination led; and whether in prayer or speech, song or dance, all are of acceptable garlands, hung on the altar of Freedom.

Among the civilities extended in honor of the day was an invitation to the military and strangers to visit the splendid residence and ornamental grounds of James Arnold, Esq., who, with his family, tendered the utmost kindness and courtesy in exhibiting the beauties of nature and art so lavishly adorning this New Bedford palace. Rodney French, Esq., also, with characteristic courtesy, threw open the doors of his hospitable mansion to the military visitors, and a few invited guests. These voluntary manifestations of good-will, at once honorable to the donors and grateful to the recipients, should be accepted as a harbinger of a better day coming.

Boston, August, 1851. W. C. N.

MEETINGS NEXT SUNDAY. At East Bridgewater and Webster See Conventions List.

The Rev. William M. Rogers, of this city, died on Monday evening last, of paralysis, aged 45. Humanity has no cause to mourn the departure of one whose influence has been so injurious.

ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION AT WEST WRENTHAM.

An Anti-Slavery Convention was held at West Wrentham on Sunday, August 10th, at the Universalist Church in that place. Edmund Quincy, Esq., presided, and G. W. Putnam acted as Secretary.

Charles C. Burleigh opened the exercises by reading a portion of Scripture, the choir sang a hymn, and Mr. Quincy having arrived, he took the chair. C. C. Burleigh occupied the forenoon session in an earnest discussion of the duty of all to carry out the spirit of the Bible and the dictates of conscience, in the matter of the oppression of our race.

In the afternoon, Mr. Quincy spoke upon the duty of obeying God rather than man, and denied that we were under any obligation to obey a wicked law made by a set of drunken legislators in their orgies, during the late nights of their session; and claimed from all men honor and obedience to the eternal law of God.

Mr. Putnam spoke of the indifference to human suffering which exists in the public mind, and also of the fact that the assistance which the laboring people of the free States render to the oppressor in elevating men-thieves and their abettors to office, reaped upon their own interests; and that they were daily sinking under the weight of that oppression they help to prepare for the slave.

In the evening, Mr. Quincy spoke of the fact that while no political or religious body will invite their opponents to their platform for fair discussion, the anti-slavery platform is always open to the opponent. He also, in a clear and concise manner, developed the startling encroachments of the Slave Power, and alluded to the reward yet offered by the Legislature of Georgia for the abduction of Mr. Garrison, the treatment of Mr. Hoar by the authorities and people of Charleston, and the gross insults which have been heaped upon the once proud State of Massachusetts—insults now borne patiently and humbly by the sons of those who would not bear a thousandth part as wrong at the hand of Great Britain, and showed from this the deleterious effects of slavery upon the people.

C. C. Burleigh gave an eloquent address upon the heartiness of the American churches and the lack of vital Christian principle in both clergy and church.

The Rev. Mr. Pomfret, the pastor of the church, was ill, and not able to attend the meetings, which was greatly regretted by the speakers and by the audience. The meetings were well attended, and our anti-slavery friends there strengthened by the exercises of the day. EDMUND QUINCY, President, GEORGE W. PUTNAM, Secretary.

OXFORD.

It having been proposed to hold one of the anti-slavery Conventions in the pleasant town of Oxford, in Worcester county, the pastor and members of the Universalist Society most kindly granted the use of their house for that purpose, and agreed to identify their steady religious meeting with the Convention. On Sunday last, (Aug. 10), the meeting was accordingly held, an audience very attentive and respectable for numbers being present in the morning, afternoon, and again at the third, or evening meeting. The pulpit was occupied, during all these sessions, by Rev. JACOB BAKER, Pastor of the Universalist Society, Rev. Mr. DAVIS, Unitarian, and STEPHEN S. FOSTER and SAMUEL MAY, Jr., agents of the MASS. A. S. Society. Earnest, thorough, and interesting remarks were made by all the above-named gentlemen. Special efforts had obviously been made, by the leaders in the Orthodox and Methodist Societies, to prevent any of their subjects from straying away from their folds, to give any countenance to the anti-slavery meeting; thereby proving how much more they value their sects, and their own power, than humanity and pure religion, and how little care they have for the anti-slavery cause. Still the work went on—a goodly number came to hear—some few even daring to set aside the dictation of the lords spiritual of Oxford. We feel that a good work was at least commenced, or revived in the place. We hope that the true friends of freedom and humanity there will be nerved for a more vigorous contest with the allied powers of pro-slavery and sectarianism.

As usual in these meetings, a contribution was taken up, in behalf of the anti-slavery cause. And in the name of that cause, we offer our cordial thanks to Rev. Mr. Baker, and his Society, for their friendly co-operation, in this meeting.—M.

ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION AT HOPKINTON.

A most interesting series of meetings were held at "Haven Row," Hopkinton on Sunday, August 3rd, in the Universalist Church there. Cyrus M. Burleigh, Editor of the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, and George W. Putnam, were the speakers. The house was well-filled. The choir kindly cheered the meetings with their music, and the entire exercises of the day were encouraging to the cause of the slave. Many of the old line anti-slavery men have been swept away by the tide of Free-soilism, and from seeking, by the might of moral power and the omnipotence of Truth, the destruction of slavery, seek now no higher object than to "hem in the evil, and let it die out;" as if slavery could be "hemmed in" or could die where it has already room enough to grow and riot for ages to come. Yet the Free Soil friends attended our meeting, and kindly heard all we had to say, and did not seek to gainsay it. Our friends Dexter Wales, Phipps, and a few others, still keep the great subject of the abolition of slavery alive, as the only object worthy the labors of Freeman, and the situation of the slave the first subject for the exercise of Christian philanthropy. G. W. P.

LOWELL.

Three anti-slavery meetings (constituting one of the Hundred Conventions) were held in the spacious City Hall, in Lowell, on Sunday last. Owing to some oversight, no definite notice of these meetings was given to the citizens; nevertheless, the attendance was unexpectedly large, and the interest manifested highly gratifying. The speakers on the occasion were William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, James N. Buffum, and Dr. A. Scott—the last advocating slavery as a divine institution, but quite incoherently. We fear that a very deep impression was made as to the exceeding sinfulness of slavery, and the duty of all the friends of God and man to combine for its overthrow.

A certain Rev. Dr. Smylie, in expounding the epistle of Paul to Philemon, undertakes to rescue Daniel Webster from the abuse of the abolitionists by showing that, in his devotion to slave-catching, he merely follows the illustrious example of the great Apostle to the Gentiles. He says, among other things, that Paul, in his letter to the ancient slaveholder, "advised" Onesimus as a runaway!

It has occurred to me that a copy of the advertisement would be interesting to the abolitionists, and would certainly be a comfort to this and other Reverend Doctors. In lieu of the original, (which is unfortunately lost,) I send an imitation, which, it is hoped, may prove useful in consoling the pious admirers of the modern apostle Daniel.

D.

Runaway Apprehended! TAKEN up, by the subscriber, a runaway servant, who answered to the name of Onesimus. The said servant is about four quarts in stature, hath a downcast look, and hath recently been much wrought upon by the Spirit; inasmuch that he now grievously repents of his sin in departing from his master, and desires to return to him.

These letters are therefore to inform one Philemon, who is supposed to be the owner of the aforesaid servant, to prove property, pay charges, and take him away, or he will be sold to pay expenses of keeping. (Signed.) PAULOS, Preacher of the Gospel, &c.

PAUL AND ONESIMUS.

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PROMETHEUS BOUND, and other Poems, including Sonnets from the Portuguese, Casa Guidi Windows, etc., by E. Barrett Browning. Francis: 252 Broadway, New York, and 128 Washington street, Boston. 1851.

Another and most welcome volume from the profound poet of the age; for such we esteem Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Mr. Francis has given in this volume all the additions made in the recent republication of Mrs. Browning's works in England; hence this, with his lately printed New York edition of two volumes, forms a complete collection of her poems, with the exception of a rare volume, seldom found in this country, the first fruits of her genius. The Sonnets, professedly from the Portuguese, are understood to be a transcript of her own feelings after her engagement to Browning; and some of the shorter pieces seem written by the same inspiration. They are all matchless—most touching expressions of the profoundest feeling; and he must be a vain man who attempts, after this, to write on love.

The Casa Guidi Windows tell the story of the Rising at Florence; and reformers among us will recognize, in the graphic portrait of the Pope, Pius IX., and the sketch of his position and purposes, the portrait of a man nearer home most strikingly painted; while they will be startled at finding some of the most valued results of their anti-slavery experience married to immortal verse of rare energy and point. The only wonder is, that a woman, housed by illness so many years, and writing of a strange people, should be able to look, with such relentless insight, into the heart of Italian strength and weakness, and comprehend so fully the cardinal principles of all reform.

Mrs. Browning has another claim on the gratitude of abolitionists, since she is the only poet of the first rank in England, except Campbell, who has made a direct offering on the altar of American Anti-Slavery—her beautiful lines, "The Runaway Slave at Pilgrim Rock," sent to the *Liberty Bell* some years ago, and reprinted, we are glad to find, in this volume.—W. R.

KEEP COOL, GO AHEAD, and a few other Poems. By George W. Light. Published by the Author 3 Cornhill, Boston. 1851.

These few Poems of Mr. Light contain a great deal of thought, pithily and pointedly expressed. We need not quote, for they are, most of them, familiar to reformers, and have placed the author's name in the good company of Mackay and others, who have given rhythmic utterance to the war-cries and passwords of the new world. Who has not conned, Do not ask too broad a test: Go ahead; Lugging never clears the sight: When you do your duty best, You will best know what is right, Go ahead.

Do not ask who'll go with you; Go ahead; Numbers! spare the coward's plea! If there be but one or two, Single-handed though it be, Go ahead.

Cannot you reform the world? Keep cool; Only one thing you can do— Give a brave heart to the work: Heaven wants no more of you— Keep cool.

Advice, by the way, we are sorry to remember, there are so few to heed. But we are glad to see these pieces in a form more convenient for reference and presents than the pages of a magazine or columns of a newspaper.—W. R.

TRIBUTE TO DEPARTED WORTH.

An adjourned meeting of the Salem Female A. S. Society was held on the 11th inst. The President being absent, the meeting was called to order by Laura Stone, one of the Vice Presidents. The following preamble and resolutions were presented by Eliza J. Kenny, and, on motion of Sarah Hayward, unanimously adopted:—

Whereas, our dearly beloved friend and associate, ANNA M. CHASE, has been called away from her state of usefulness on earth, to engage in the duties of a higher and holier sphere in the spiritual world; therefore,

Resolved, That the Salem Female Anti-Slavery Society, with whom the departed was long and intimately connected, most deeply feel the loss of their deceased sister, and with sympathizing hearts bear their feeble testimony to the great excellence of her character, the exalted purity of her heart, her pious devotion to the cause of the slave, and her unquenchable zeal in promoting the interests of universal emancipation.

Resolved, That although we shall see her face on earth no more, nor be guided by her counsels, nor be stimulated to exertion by her cheerful zeal in the glorious cause of human liberty, yet we will endeavor to imitate the spirit which actuated her in the pursuit of goodness and virtue, and to cultivate those noble impulses of the heart which led her on in the promotion of the cause of humanity and benevolence.

Resolved, That, as a Society, we profoundly sympathize with the bereaved family, who mourn the loss of one whom they fervently loved, and whose anxiety was their delight, but with whose cherished presence they will no more be blessed on earth; yet feeling that her pure spirit, though unseen, still dwells near them to comfort them in their affliction, and to cheer them in despondency, and that they will one day meet her in the land of the blest, and walk with her in the fair gardens of Paradise, and unite with her in adoring the God and Father of us all, who doeth all things well.

Voted, That the foregoing preamble and resolutions be forwarded to the *Liberator* for insertion.

Salem, 12th August, 1851.

REV. WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

The Worcester Spy administers a severe and just rebuke to this English clergyman, for his twaddling letter in extenuation of slavery, which recently appeared in the *London Inquirer*, and which may be found where it belongs on our first page. Referring to his silly argument that foreigners are unable to understand the question of slavery as it exists in this country, the *Spy* says:—

"We have frequently been amused with this impudent declaration, when made by some of our most ignorant pro-slavery countrymen; but it certainly increases our amusement to see the same joke repeated by Mr. Mountford. It is true that few men with any pretensions to conscience, and with the least degree of perception, can reconcile the preamble to the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution with the existence of slavery in any one of these United States; but we are certain that Englishmen know that slavery is ostensibly an institution of the Southern States, and we know that they can appreciate the falsehood of that ostensible sectionalism of this institution, when they see our general government enacting a law which mortgages every foot of land to the slave-hunter and his bloodhounds, and which forces many of our industrious and virtuous countrymen to flee in terror even from the sacred soil of Massachusetts. There is nothing complicated in the theory of slavery in America; the theory is, that it is a State institution; and Englishmen know this as well as any body. The complexity is in the practice of our politicians, who have made it, so far as their action can make it, a national institution, and who have also made us, to our chagrin, the subjects of such resolutions as Mr. Mountford comments on."

We hope that the people of Europe will not take Mr. Mountford's letter as an exposition of American sentiment in relation to this national sin of slavery. The pro-slavery tendency and effect of this truly contemptible letter are sufficiently proved by the eulogiums bestowed on it and its time-serving author by such vile pro-slavery journals as the *Boston Courier*, *Daily Advertiser*, *Transcript*, &c. &c.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 8th.

Execution of the Caden Murders.—Horrible occurrences.—The murderers of the Caden family were hung to-day in the presence of 8,000 people, whose behavior was orderly. The prisoners ascended the gallows with firm steps. Taylor and Murphy made short addresses, positively denying their guilt. Shelton also denied his guilt. When they were swung off, the rope slipped from Murphy's neck, and he fell violently to the ground, a distance of 15 feet. This occurrence caused a thrill of horror amongst the spectators. Murphy was picked up insensible, with his throat terribly lacerated by the rope. He soon, however, revived. Taylor and Shelton, in the meantime, hanging in the airless corpses, dying with but few struggles. When they were cut down, Murphy was again brought on the scaffold, and in a few minutes he was swung off and died easy. The crowd quickly dispersed.

Execution of Amos Green.—Amos Green, the negro convicted of rape, was executed at Elliott's Mills to-day. He protested his innocence.

Slave Case.—In 1849, three slaves, belonging to Mr. Harper, a farmer in Boone county, Kentucky, fled to Ohio, and took refuge in Cincinnati. Their master pursued them, and was engaged in ferreting out their place of concealment, when the colored man of property, named Keyte, entered into negotiations for the purchase of the three fugitives, and finally bought them for \$150. Mr. Harper executed a bill of sale in Cincinnati, and Keyte gave a mortgage on some real estate to secure the payment of the purchase money, for which he had given promissory notes. When the notes came to maturity, they were not paid, and Mr. Harper recently filed a bill to foreclose the mortgage. The main point of the defence was, that contract for the purchase of slaves was void in the State of Ohio, Judge Keyte decided the case on the 29th ult. He held that as the Constitution and the act of Congress gave a right to recapture, such right of recapture is sufficient to sustain a contract of sale, executed by the master in a free State, conveying fugitives, then in such free State, to a citizen of such State, and a decree of foreclosure was therefore made.

Reading Murder.—Summary Punishment of the Murderer.—The *Savannah Georgian* gives the following extracts of a letter, dated Toombsboro, Wilkinson county, August 3rd:—

"On Tuesday last, a negro man, belonging to a Mr. Hardy Kiel, residing in this county, violated the covenants of and afterwards murdered his mistress and her sister, Miss Mason, whilst they were washing at a spring near the house.

He then stole a horse and attempted to escape, but was so closely pursued by some of Mr. Kiel's neighbors, that he had to leave the horse, and take the river swamp.

Several citizens of the county turned out to search for the murderer, and succeeded in arresting him at 11 o'clock on Tuesday night. They then tied him to a stake, and BURNED HIM TO DEATH!"

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The following excellent original Hymn was sung at the recent celebration of West India Emancipation at Worcester.

ORIGINAL HYMN.
For August 1st, 1851.
BY REV. E. DAVIS.

Air—Scots who hail.

Hail again the glorious day,
When the despot's bloody way
Passed forever away
In the Western Main!
When, upon the bondman's night,
Broke old Freedom's joyful light,
And against the conquering Rouser,
Strove the Womans in vain.

Sing the triumph, when, at last—
Years of fiery trial passed—
Slavery's hated form was cast
To a loathsome grave;
And the friends, who, for his good,
Watching through the night, had stood
To their holy brotherhood,
Took the ransomed Slave.

Sing, that, in their unchained flight,
With convincing power and might,
Freedom's growing years unite,
This great truth to swell;
Laid to Right's unbending line,
Where God's living counsels shine,
Freedom is of birth divine,
Bondage is of hell!

Let the shouts of freemen ring!
On her white, far-flashing wing,
God's free angel comes to bring,
To our own fair shore,
Freedom, peace, and righteousness;
Comes the plundered to redress;
Comes the Fugitive to bless,
Fugitive no more!

Strong, then, be each heart and hand
Of the brave, true-hearted band,
Who, to save a guilty land,
Strike for Liberty!
Be they feeble, faint or few,
They shall smite Oppression through;
They shall conquer—God is true—
And the Slave go free!

For the Liberator.
INVOCATION FOR THE SLAVE
Spirit of Truth! inspire our souls
With power and might divine,
To spurn Oppression's impious laws,
And bow man's will to thine.

Let selfish care forgotten be;
This sacred cause demands
Untiring zeal, unshrinking trust,
Till burst are Slavery's bands.
To thee we look, on thee rely;
Girt with thy strength, we'll dare
The tyrant's rule, the worldling's scorn,
And joy such scorn to bear.

We'll onward press, though deepest gloom
Obscures our way;
The friends of error shall disperse
At Freedom's rising day.

Father almighty of bond and free,
Uphold us yet to prove
Man's rights, and to them consecrate
Our labors and our love!

For the Liberator.
APPEAL TO CHRISTIANS.
Shall they who own the Christian name,
And God's paternal love declare,
Dare to deny a brother's claim,
Their common Father's gifts to share?

Has Christ then lived in vain? so taught
That glorious doctrine of the free
Divinity in man, that taught
Can sanction human slavery?

No! think not vile Oppression's wrongs
To link with Christian Faith and Love;
The name of Christ alone belongs
To those whose lives his mission prove.

From 'Household Words.'

BEAR THEE UP BRAVELY.
Bear thee up bravely,
Strong heart and true!
Meet thy woes bravely,
Strive with them too!

Let them not win from thee
Tear of regret,
Such were a sin from thee—
Hoop for good yet!

Rouse thee from drooping,
Care-laden soul,
Mournfully stooping
'Neath grief's control;

Far o'er the gloom that lies
Shrouding the earth,
Light from eternal skies
Shows us thy worth.

Nerve us yet stronger,
Resolute mind;
Let care no longer
Heavily bind.

Rise on the eagle wings
Gloriously free!
Till from material things
Pure thou shalt be!

Bear ye up bravely,
Soul and mind too!
Drop not so gravely!
Hold heart and true!

Clear rays of streaming light
Shine through the gloom,
God's love is beaming bright
E'en round the tomb!

SONNET

'Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.'

I will not wrap around me, for a robe,
This worn out mantle, Custom. I would be
That which my soul proclaims I should be—free
To act upon conviction. I would probe
E'en to the very centre of the globe.

The deepest depths of Thought, and seek for Truth
With all the force and compass of my mind.
Why should I sink into the lethargy
Of age, while I have energy and youth?

And if I be so favored as to find
The priceless gem—or to believe, indeed,
That I have found it—there will I base
My trust, and 'look the world in the face,'
Nor fear the thunders of dogmatic creed.

WEALTH

What is gold, unless it bring
More than gold has ever brought?
What is gold, if it is cloying
Narrower vision, meaner thought?

The Liberator.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE BILL—THE PEACE
CAUSE—ENGLISH QUAKERISM.

LONDON, July, 1851.

DEAR GARRISON:

You, and Theodore Parker, and George Thompson, and Harriet Martineau, and Mr. and Mrs. Mott, and H. W. Beecher, and a host of your friends, have made American slavery a world-wide question. That is something to have done for the slave specially, for humanity generally.

The public is a many-headed thing. Some of the heads are larger and better furnished than the hearts; others have larger hearts than heads, and are willing to do when shown what to do, but are blown about by every wind of doctrine; and a third, and a much larger class, are so fond of a calm, that they do not even whistle for a wind, but will readily assist, if some hearty sailor will call them to quarters when the wind comes up, and steer them on when the ship is in motion.

We have a few spirits among us who are stirring, now that the Fugitive Slave Bill has enabled you to awaken the world to the utter corruption of the American mind by the existence of slavery in the Southern States, and the slavery of the North to the love of dollars, and the consequent bowing of their knees to Baal.

No laymen cannot at first understand how it is that those who call themselves ministers of the gospel, and who consider—or at least affect to consider—that they are set apart to minister to that gospel, and to proclaim it on the house-tops, should be—shame upon them!—the first among those who desert the principles of liberty and the gospel of liberty to the captive, and who find out that it is not a liberty-loving, a liberty-teaching gospel, but a slavery-allowing, a torpid gospel; not life, but inaction; one that imposes upon them the duty of praying for the sinners, and urging the church to soothe them by gentle motions, and forget the sufferers whom their petted sinners have injured and are injuring, demoralizing and inebriating. These Orville Dewey's are miracles of love and tenderness for the brute with the cowhide, and pray for the slave, that God will fit him back for the burden. Thus they wrestle with God in prayer, and hope that He will, through Christ, bring forth chastity, purity, and all the Christian amenities, from the auction-block.

This class of saints seem to consider that a black man should think of duties, not of rights. If it be true, and it is generally admitted, that there can be no right without a duty flowing from it, it would seem to follow that there is no duty without a right.

We have had a glorious peace gathering during the last three days, and this evening there will be a Soiree at Willis's Rooms, Hanover Square. The speaking has been good, rational, and the spirit manifested earnest; and, as I hope and believe, much good has been done, in the way of confirming and strengthening of purpose.

I shall get off, I hope, a supplement edition of the *Non-Confessionist* to you. This meeting has been greatly supported by the Quakers here. They are a sect often sneered at, but their steady consistency in supporting what they profess is, as I think, a matter of just praise to them, as a body. If other sects did the same, the world would be largely improved. This is what they do here, steadily and consistently, which other sects do not do, so steadily and consistently—

They maintain their own poor. We do not find poor Quakers among the hundreds of thousands of paupers in England.

They build and repair their own churches. The Established sect here do not build their own churches; they receive money from the State for that purpose, and distract the goods and imprison the persons who do not pay rates for repairing their sectarian churches.

They educate their own children, and the orphans of Quakers, and support the work of education by other sects, and they do so with great steadiness, uniformity and liberality.

They assist to improve prison discipline.

They set the example of temperance, and aid the cause in others.

They are never found drunk in the kennels, or brought before magistrates for intemperance, violence or robbery.

They have, as I have before said, at all times promoted the cause and encouraged the advocates of peace.

They have borne so steady, uniform and consistent a testimony to their own views of faith and duty, that they have compelled the legislature to emancipate them from the imposition of the priest in the marriage ceremony, and grant them the power to celebrate it in their own churches, and by and amongst themselves.

They have consistently and steadily repelled priestly assumption among themselves, and submit to no priest but those who proceed from and take their powers from their own body.

If it be urged that much of their creed is absurd, it may be answered, so is the creed of the Orthodox—original sin—predestination to eternal torments—the mystery of the Trinity—the atonement. Imputed righteousness, however professed, is not allowed, you see, to suppress action; and in all the things that I have named, they do not, as the other sects do, accommodate themselves to the views of the powers that be. Our immortal souls, or the professed care of them, is put up for sale in England daily and hourly, and with the purchase money the buyer receives a right to take a tenth of the produce of the soil from the poor sheep who are sold to him. Against all these things, the Quakers, as a body, have made a consistent and distinct protest.

From this time forth we shall get rid of the word, or, if not of the word, of the idea, that any theory of good is Utopian. Our Crystal Palace—I should have said, the World's Crystal Palace—has caused nations to come together and shake hands in peace. It is now becoming quite a subject of talk on the Continent—I found this to be the case in Germany the other day—that tens of thousands of men can meet together, talk of and view the arts of peace, shake hands and part in peace, without the aid of bayonets to prick them forward or guide them, is a thought that men hope will teach their governments that peace is both safe and cheap. We have a few policemen only, to guide, direct and assist, who are proverbial for civility to those who treat them with civility.

Fifteen working men from France, forming a deputation from other working men, were introduced to the Peace Convention yesterday (July 21.) Pierre Vissard, one of the French deputation, thus spoke:—

'He addressed those who were present as citizens of the world, who were about to become members of his great family. He offered in his own name, and in those of his fellow workmen, their most sincere thanks for the warm reception they had just received from them, in the cheers they had given them at their entrance. If war was an evil given them, it was a greater one to the laboring class than any other, because they were those called on to bear the burden of the cost of war, and were also put in the front rank of battle, to sustain the first fire. God had given them being in order to increase life, but by war they tried to destroy it. They had skill given them by God in order to create enjoyments and advantages to themselves and others; but by becoming soldiers, they were made tools of destruction to others. War was therefore a great curse, and they joined cheerfully with them in getting rid of this evil by propagating peace. On arriving in London, they had been particularly struck with its appearance. There were no cannons or bristling bayonets, no fortresses or barricades, or gates to prevent their free ingress and egress. Instead of soldiers in their streets, they only saw quiet citizens. He was of opinion that England, and London particularly, in this respect set an example to the world; and before long, soldiers would become less and less in number, and men become more skilled in peaceful arts for their mutual support. In conclusion, he thanked them again for having received them in the bonds of fraternity and brotherhood.'

It was well observed by Mr. Gilpin, who spoke, that what was called Utopian one year, became practicable the next. This is true. The astrology of to-day is the astronomy of to-morrow; and so with reference to the great object of your exertions—the abolition of slavery; you will make that which is said to be impracticable, possible. Go on, my good friend! and prosper!

Yours truly,
EDWARD SEARCH.

MEETING AT ESSEX.

A large concourse assembled at Essex, on Sunday, July 27th, to hear the question of slavery discussed. The meetings, which were held in the Century Chapel, were unusually large, especially in the afternoon, when the house was densely crowded. Good order and earnest attention marked the audience; and from the high order of the speeches made, there is ground to anticipate much good to the cause.

The meeting was organized by choosing that veteran reformer, Thomas Haskell, of West Gloucester, Chairman, and B. H. Clark, Secretary.

Parker Pillsbury spoke several times during the day, in his usual original and impressive manner. He remarked, in opening, that our object to-day was not worship, as is common on Sunday. We were assembled to look after the interests of man. While the churches are preaching salvation by grace, we are preaching salvation by works. The church's method has not saved, it has destroyed; let us try the better way. He spoke of the general prevalence of religion among the American people. We were all broke out with religion, as with an eruptive disease. Yet we could barely live. With all this piety, we had to have a navy and an army, prisons and gallows, schools and houses of reform, and many other agencies to protect us, and still we were not safe. We have also slavery, with three millions of victims. This was our master sin, and the root of our religion must be our relation to it. Now, the great majority of our Christians got mad at the bare mention of this subject. If Calvinism was true, then more than three-fourths of the American churches will be tinder for hell. Slavery is our Moloch, on whose altars we offer three millions of human victims. Our crime was not neglecting church duties. We built colleges and educated ministers enough. We were diligent enough in all ceremonial observances. Our creeds were sound, but at our very church doors lie these millions of bleeding victims, and we trample over them, and drown their cries in songs and hosannas. Suppose Christ were here, would he be silent as our preachers are? Nay!

There is no test of character in our religion; it is easy, respectable. The test of religion is persecution.—No cross, no crown. There is no cross in our religion. Mobs and ministers, blacklegs and church members, are at one. The offence of the church has ceased. It takes ten times as much character to keep out of the church as to get in. Even Henry Clay joins the church, to make his 'calling and election sure.' And Daniel Webster, himself, is a church member. Anti-Slavery is now, in America, what Christianity was eighteen centuries ago in Judea: their positions are the same. Garrison's name, like Christ's, is a stumbling block; and that is the true test of religion. We commune with slaveholders, slave-traders and slave-whippers. Who trouble slaveholders? Not Christians, but Abolitionists! They tremble at Anti-Slavery Conventions; they rejoice at church gatherings. What is the power of our theology? Nothing. It attracts nobody. Nobody goes to hear the sermon, but the music, and to sleep, look about, and be respectable. Anti-slavery has no decorations, no orchestra, no cushioned pews. It relies on its truth, its moral power; and yet it has sited and shaken the whole people of this country. What is the true religion? Inwardly strong, and 'mighty to the pulling down of the strongholds of sin.'

Anti-slavery is the pioneer of all reforms. Methodists and Universalists are these alone; but abolitionism enlarges the soul to embrace all reforms. Abolitionists do not conceive of the true grandeur of our cause, our education is so narrow and grovelling. If we could see its future glory, we should flock to its standard in crowds. O, that God would touch somebody's lips with the gift to depict it aright! Then would your churches be forsaken, and your altars crumble down, and the millennium would come!

In a subsequent part of the day, Mr. Pillsbury spoke of the omnipotence of public sentiment to pull down or build up. Parties, banks, tariffs, rise or fall as the people will. So they could put down slavery if they would, but they do not desire to. There is no sect in the land anti-slavery—not even the Quakers; therefore this movement will crush every one of them. They all combine against abolition, though it would save any of them that would adopt it. And as all the sects of Judea conspired against Christ and came to nought, so all the sects which oppose anti-slavery must perish, while it shall grow greater and greater.

In politics, said Mr. Pillsbury, we think ourselves a model for the world; but the despots of Europe might teach us. We denounce Austria; but, while we have no foot of free soil, Austria is all free soil. In 1830, Austria proclaimed freedom to all fugitive slaves. The nearest mad-scow on the Danube is freer than the proudest American man-of-war.

We boast of our glorious Union; we have a man whose special business it is to save it—a locomotive savior—on castors! Now what, according to this Savior himself, is this Union? It depends, says he, on fidelity to the Fugitive Slave Law. The return of runaway slaves is the price of the Union. How many fathers of you will give one son or daughter to slavery to save it? Hold up your hands! No hands! Is this your patriotism? A Doctor of Divinity said he would send his mother into slavery to save the Union! It takes a Doctor of Divinity to say that—or to do it. We seem to think that all manner of blasphemy can be forgiven, but the blasphemy against the American Union hath never forgiveness. All parties worship it, and offer their burnt-sacrifices on its bloody altars. Their candidates are all warriors of the Union—rivals in this great work. Even the Free Soil Senator has his dogology to the Union, in which he declares it 'twice blessed.' No party is opposed to slavery; individuals in all the parties are opposed to it; but the leaders of all the parties will sacrifice humanity to power and preferment. All support the Union, and for what it brings them.

C. L. Remond took considerable exception to Mr. Pillsbury's 'illiberal' remarks on the Free Soilers. He held to the merit of that party, though he did not believe them pure, and lamented Charles Sumner's letter of acceptance, as weak and undervalued. He thought Liberty Party people as anti-slavery as any body. We must wait the advent of a pure government; we must act under the present one, corrupt as it is. He wished all men were Free Soilers. He did not believe in isolation. He gave the 'Garrisonians' the credit of being the only even partially free men in the country.

Wendell Phillips, who for the first time addressed an Essex audience, commenced by some remarks on the variety of tastes for speakers. No one could please all. If he did, he must make a very poor speech, or address a very poor audience. Most all men be of one pattern—all cut down to one height! In America, we are awed into a given model by the fear of the majority. We live in constant dread of unpopularity. European institutions permit more independence. The press and the pulpit are both freer and bolder. Our tendency is to uniformity. We need to guard constantly against the temptation to smother our convictions to please the public taste. Miss Martineau said she found more infidels in New England than any where else; but they dared not avow it openly!

The question for us, Shall we be fearless, untrammeled? Anti-slavery says, Yes. It emancipates us. Our duty is to do what we think right; no matter what pulpits, presses and politicians prescribe. If we violate our own convictions, at the bidding of any one else, we shall be damned. What do we think of the piety of English aristocrats and Bishops? We laugh it to scorn; they are far enough off, and we see through the sham. Just so should we judge of the piety of American politicians and clergymen. Let not nervous of view deceive and blind us.

In the afternoon, Mr. Phillips took up the question of the relation of the anti-slavery movement to Christianity. Why do we alter the uses of the Sabbath, which has been always and every where devoted to religious exercises? Answer—ours is the only true religion. The religious sentiment in itself is blind, but Christianity undertakes to guide it; and that teaches us that true religion is to do the duty of to-day—to oppose existing evils, and attend to present calls of humanity. Christianity is always in the van of reform—teaching the ignorant, helping the needy, saving the down-trodden. These duties are done by Christians, however they are denominated. The Church that does not do them is a synagogue of Satan. Our popular Christianity is *historical*—it neglects the duties of to-day. It fights against the sins of Judea: against acknowledged sins only, not against existing sinful institutions and usages. The abolition movement is the proper product of Christianity. Forms are nothing, acts are all; and any one that rises to make war against wrong is a Christian. If Christianity is not to war against slavery, what is its mission, its use? I despise the religion that forgets the slave. As Melancthon said of the Protestants, 'We are the Church; join us, if you would be Christians,'—so say we.

But our action is not exclusively moral; it is political also. We do not resign our political influence. We retain the right to criticize and affect politics. But voting is not the only form of political action. Garrison, with his pen and press, has done more to change American politics than all the parties together.

Neither do we deny nor undervalue the uses of the Union. We are neither fools, nor crazy, nor blind. The Union has promoted commerce, knowledge, the settlement of the country, the progress of the race. But how much is it worth, after all? Is it worth the sacrifice of honor, liberty, justice? When Daniel Webster asks us to send back the fugitive to save mere dollars, religion and honor answer, No, not while the earth lasts.

What authority has Congress to subvert the laws of God? Can they lay on us an obligation to do wrong? We will not obey the Fugitive Slave Law! A man is worth, not this Union only, but this universe.

Of the Free Soilers, Mr. Phillips asked, What are they doing to sustain themselves? Nothing; they are a machine merely; we are making the power that drives it. The nature of political action is to use the existing public sentiment; never to make any. It hinders reform. Sumner's election postponed and finally strangled several reform measures under consideration in the Legislature. Friends, we cannot spare you to make politicians. We need laborers to plant; it is too early to reap! The Free Soil party must die but for us; and it is not possible for a true abolitionist to be elected to any important office; no party will elect such a man.

Subsequently, Mr. Phillips spoke of government. Its use is to protect the weak; the strong do not need protection. One great end of government is to secure freedom of speech. Yet Daniel Webster talks of stopping discussion! That is taking away man's highest civil right, and any government that attempts it is a tyranny. But it has taken months for the people to awake to the insolence of that demand! This insolence of our leaders is not noticed enough. Nobody has the right to restrain our freedom of speech.

We are called fanatics; but all earnest men are fanatics. It is the seal nature sets to their sincerity, that it makes them; ardent, enthusiastic, fiery. Daniel Webster, too, is a fanatic; only on the opposite side to us. We go about preaching disunion, he preaching union. Mr. Phillips pursued this subject at great length, but the shades of evening prevented our taking minutes. The above are mere hints of the topics he discussed, in a style and manner which captivated all who heard him.

Mr. George W. Putnam contrasted the coldness of men on this subject with the earnestness they feel on much less important topics. Few attend anti-slavery meetings; fewer still come to sympathize. The most thrilling accounts of the horrors of slavery hardly move us. Why? Because custom and time have hardened us to this familiar wrong. Our fathers held slaves for many generations, and the public mind has become reconciled to it. Besides, it serves us in politics and commerce, and we become its vassals. We lend it the aid of our Bibles, hymn books, and prayers. We pillar it even on the shoulders of Omnipotence—Fugitive Slave Law and all. It shocks all humanity beside; but we glory in it.

'But we have law for it.' So had Shylock for the pound of flesh; so had the Inquisition for its butcheries; so had the monsters of the French Revolution. True law is the expression of Right; all other laws are to be despised.

'But we must maintain the Union.' Union with whom? With tyrants, robbers, profligates—with the greatest sinners on earth! For this we must commit all these outrages and wrongs! No Union is worth that sacrifice: humanity and justice are worth all things else.

There are some who even talk of compensating the slave-owners in case of emancipation. Why not compensate the thief who takes your property? Compensate the burglar and the pirate rather than the slaveholder! The compensation is due to the slave, not to his master. Compensate him if you can; but all the wealth on earth cannot do it.

But how shall slavery be abolished? By moral effort alone. If all the political abolitionists would join us, and engage in disseminating anti-slavery sentiment through the land, in a very short time, our country would be free. This is the only way to abolish slavery.

Brief remarks were made by several other persons which helped to increase the interest of the meeting. The foregoing report contains merely the spirit of the addresses made, it being impossible to report them entire. The speakers are not responsible for the language—merely for the sentiments. If these were thought objectionable, no one appeared to say so, although frequently invited and even urged to do so. But anti-slavery sentiments are manifestly gaining ground in Essex, as was evinced by the numbers and character of the audience on this occasion. 'The work goes bravely on,' and we think the heralds of freedom may now 'thank God, and take courage.'

B. H. CLARK, Secretary of the Meeting.

TO SECURE PEACE, WE ARE AT ALL TIMES PREPARED FOR WAR.

Such is the inscription on the cap or rather 'top' of a 'liberty pole' in a neighboring city; and the sentiment is generally received as sound doctrine. But vary the language a little, and its absurdity is at once made apparent, even to the most stupid. 'To secure temperance, we are at all times prepared to get drunk.' What would be thought of an association that should launch upon the sea of temperance reform with such a motto emblazoned on its banner? 'To secure freedom, we are at all times prepared to enslave.' Will not the means secure the ends in the last three cases, quite as well as in the first? Or has God inverted the moral order of things to suit our political whims and fancies? Will some one who knows, clear up the difficulty?

Hunker Eloquence.—The Albany State Register—the mouth-piece of the New York State Silver Greys—is rabidly vexed because the Legislature of that State recently made an appropriation of some \$25,000 for the aid of the New York Central College. The pinch of the shoe is, that the Central College is a free institution, and admits colored students within its walls. Whereupon the Register flies off into the following unparaphrased strain of grandiloquent wrath:—

'We protest against the public fund being appropriated to any such upstart of Garrisonianism, protegee of woman's rights conventions, mottled amalgamation of insanity, and amalgam of abolitionism and socialism, as we believe the New York Central College to be!'

Merely on us!—Concord Democrat.

Jonathan Olcott, of Hartford, aged 91 years, Roswell Miller, of Windsor, 92, and Thomas B. Bishop, of Avon, 90—all revolutionary pensioners, who rode in the procession in Hartford on Ct., last 4th of July, died before the month was out.

The Eatwells (Aia.) Why says—There is now to be seen on the plantation of Col. S. M. McAlpine of this county, a young calf, well formed, healthy and active, which has six perfect legs and feet—four behind and two before.

Fatal Railroad Accident.—A man named Lovell Fletcher, residing at Chelmsford, was killed Aug. 6th, while attempting to cross the railroad track at Groton.

The body of a woman has been found buried in the woods of Seckonk, and pieces of potash had partly destroyed the flesh. It is guessed that she was killed in Providence. There were gold rings in the ears, but no other means of identification; and the corpse was naked. It had been buried about a fortnight, and was discovered and dug up by dogs.

The Detroit Tribune estimates that the wheat crop of the State will exceed in amount that of last year fall one third; that Michigan will export twelve million bushels of wheat, six millions of corn, and three hundred millions feet of lumber during the present year. The aggregate of exports are set down at twenty millions of dollars in value.

Robert, a slave, who stole \$400 and a gold watch, at Mobile, was sentenced to 117 lashes, to be administered in three days.

Daguerre, who discovered the beautiful art that will for ever commemorate his name, recently died at a village near Paris.

Railway Speed.—A new locomotive on the South Eastern Railway, England, recently drew a load of forty-four cars at a speed of seventy-three miles per hour—a performance, as we believe, yet unequalled.

Switzerland.—The population of this country, according to the recent census, is 1,425,000.

Catholicism and Slavery.—The Catholic Telegraph copies an editorial from some other paper of that denomination, which asserts that while 650,000 slaves are owned by the various Protestant sects, not a Catholic Bishop, from the shores of the St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Mississippi, owns a slave one.

Siamese Twins Outdone.—The La Grange, Ga., Reporter of the 11th instant says: On the night of the 3d instant, a servant woman belonging to R. A. Ridley gave birth to a child, having two perfect and distinct heads and necks on one body.

Horace Greeley says: 'If a fire should consume the Crystal Palace, the inevitable loss must exceed one hundred millions of dollars, even supposing that a few of the most precious articles should be snatched from swift destruction. Ten minutes without wind, or fire with it, would suffice to wrap the whole immense magazine in flames, and not a hundredth part of the value of the building and its contents would remain at the close of another hour.'

The extreme temperature of summer and winter in Siberia is almost beyond belief; the thermometer having been known to rise in the shade to 106 degrees Fahrenheit, and in winter to fall to 82 degrees below zero—thus making a difference of 188 degrees.

Monsignor Monza, a venerable prelate of Rome, keeper of the Vatican Library, and a professor of the Roman University, committed suicide at Rome on the 10th July. He left his reason in a record, which was the subject of the proceedings of the Papal Court. Signor Monza was nearly 70 years of age.

The Dress Reform at Syracuse.—The Syracuse paper brings us the proceedings of a large meeting of the friends and advocates of the proposed reform in dress, held in that city on Tuesday evening, last week. There were seventy-five or eighty ladies present, a number of them being dressed in the new costume. An able and eloquent address was delivered by Dr. M. H. Burleigh, on the effect of the proposed reform in a physiological point of view. He was succeeded by Mr. Wm. H. Burleigh in an eloquent exposition of the necessities and requirements of the reform. He was followed by Rev. S. J. May, who offered a few important resolutions, which were adopted in accordance with the sentiments advanced by the speakers.

Races of Cholera.—A letter from Carthage, Ill., gives a list of twelve persons, of the house of Mr. Hamilton, a hotel keeper, who had died within a few days, of cholera. His wife, two daughters, son and female relative were cut off, with Mr. and Mrs. Chapman and Mr. Frisbie, Mr. Page and Mr. Cole. Mr. Chapman and Mr. Cole were from Connecticut, and were engaged in the sale of clocks. They, with two other boarders, fled to Warsaw to escape the disease, but all four sickened and died immediately on arriving there.

Murder, Convictions, and Trials to come.—The following persons are under conviction, or awaiting trial for various offences:—James C. Clements, convicted of murder on the high seas, and sentenced to death, reprieved by the President of the United States, who has no alternative but to pardon the convict or permit him to be executed. Henry Campbell, convicted of the murder of a shoemaker, on St. Patrick's day; Aaron P. Stokely, convicted of the murder of a negro at the Five Points. These convicts are under sentence of death, but reprieved by the Governor at the instance of their counsel, who desire to appeal to a higher tribunal. Since the May Term of the Oyer and Terminer, the following cases have occurred, and will have to be tried in the month of September:—John D. Brown and Joseph Clarke, for the murder of a policeman in the Fourth Ward; Michael Mulvey for the murder of a man; John Charles, attempted murder; Ellen Doyle, murdering a woman on the piers; Louis Harpell, for shooting with intent to kill; Angel Suarez, for stabbing a man in the Fourth Ward; Antonio Lopez, for killing a policeman in the Fourth Ward; John Cavanaugh, charged with beating a man over his head until his life is despaired of.

Terrible Tragedy.—Extract of a letter giving an account of a horrible murder perpetrated at Hannibal, Mo.:—

'We have a German in prison guilty of the murder of a young lady whom he loved. The prisoner was a servant in the family of Mr. Scholten, and became enamored of his daughter. He desired to make a declaration of his love, and if not received, he would shoot the lady. He made his declaration of love—the lady repulsed him. He got a double-barrel gun, went into the house where the lady and mother were, and told her he had a present for her, pointing to a box he said she. 'You are not going to shoot, surely.' He replied, 'I am,' taking the one barrel and afterwards the other, the loads firing the one in the head, scattering her brains all over the room. The young lady was so much shocked and uncomprehending, that she could not move, and she was killed. The prisoner made a sham attempt to kill himself. He is quite young, and a very innocent looking fellow.'

Newark, Aug. 5.—Edward Drum was assassinated last night while walking on Plain street with his wife, by a girl named Margaret Garrity. Margaret had been seduced by Drum, who had promised to marry her last Sunday. The weapon used was a carving knife, and Drum died almost instantly. The girl had made her escape, and cannot be found. The deceased was only married last Sunday.

A Court Martial was recently held at Fort Columbus, (N. Y.) for the trial of a soldier who was charged with the murder of a Roman Catholic. The charge preferred against him was, that he refused to attend a Protestant place of worship. His name was James Duggan, and for this crime he was sentenced to forfeit to the United States a month of his pay for six months, and